

VOL. XVII.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1882.

NO. 6.

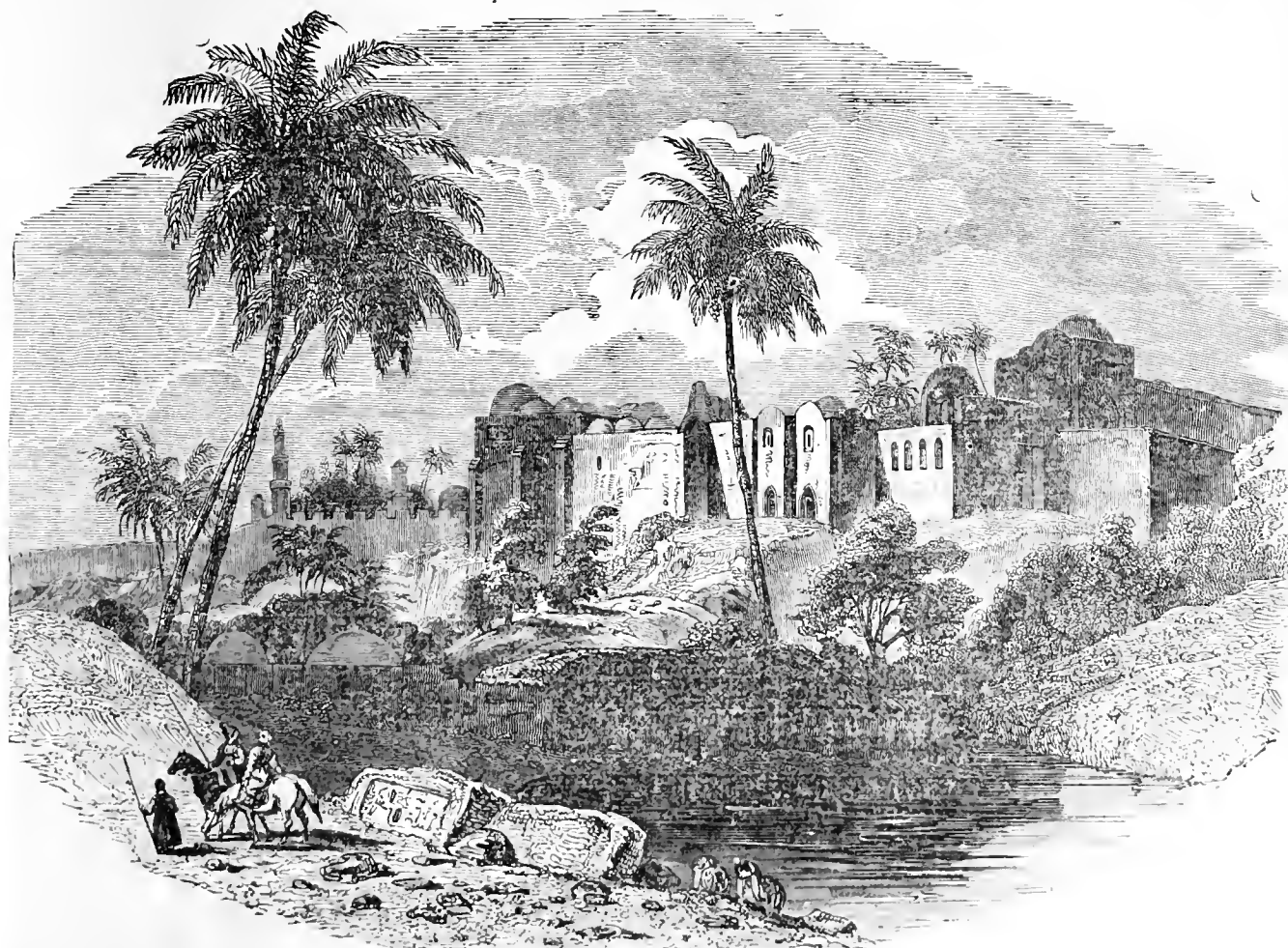
### G A Z A .

MOST of our youthful readers have heard of Samson, the strongest of men, whose history forms so interesting a portion of the Book of Judges.

Those who have read his history, know how much of his life was spent in the Philistine city of Gaza. The connection of this city with the errors and sufferings of this wonderful, though imprudent, man, gives it the only interest in the eyes

of many. But Gaza has had a long and troubled history, being sometimes subject to one royal power and sometimes to another, and seeing many days of blood and misery when those changes took place.

Gaza is best known to the reader of the Bible as the most southerly of the five royal cities of the Philistines. When God led Israel out of Egypt and gave them the land of



Canaan, Gaza fell to the lot of the tribe of Judah. This tribe conquered it, but lost it again, and it afterwards bore its share in the troubles consequent to the wars between the Israelites and the Philistines. It subsequently fell into the hands of the Persians, from whom Alexander the Great, of Greece, wrenched it after an obstinate siege. Nearly all of its inhabitants then fell in its defense, and when it was captured, its chief defender, named Batis, was cruelly dragged around the walls at the wheels of a chariot.

The Egyptians, Jews and Romans held the city of Gaza in turn. The latter ceded it to Herod the Great.

In the time of Nero, it was captured by the revolted Jews. Constantine made it the seat of a Christian bishopric, did much towards restoring its former greatness and conferred upon it many privileges. These privileges were abolished by Julian, the apostate, but restored by later emperors, who held the now popular Christian faith.

The Arabs took it two years after the death of Mohammed. It was afterwards captured by the Crusaders, who in their turn were driven out by the Saracens.

Gaza now forms a portion of the Turkish empire. So our readers will see it has had many rulers and a great variety of fortune.

Our engraving represents the Gaza of to-day. Like too many of the ancient cities of early civilization that have fallen into the hands of the Moslem, it is but a wreck.

It is not now fortified. Samson would find no difficulty at its gates. It consists of mud cottages and some ruined stone buildings. It is built partly on a steep hill and partly on the plain below, and, being on the road to Egypt, is a place of some importance where caravans rest.

About three miles distant to the west lies the Mediterranean Sea, and it is supposed that the old city stood yet nearer to its placid waters.

There is but little of interest to be seen in Gaza. The only building of note is a mosque, which was once a Christian church, said to have been founded by the empress Helena, the mother of Constantine.

The troubles that fell upon Gaza and her sister cities were foreshadowed by several of the ancient prophets of Israel, who were inspired by the Lord to raise their voices against the evils and idolatries of the Philistines. We extract from the Bible some of these warnings:

"Thus saith the Lord; For three transgressions of Gaza, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because they carried away captive the whole captivity, to deliver them up to Elom: but I will send a fire on the wall of Gaza, which shall devour the palaces thereof: and I will cut off the inhabitant from Ashdod, and him that holdeth the sceptre from Ashkelon, and I will turn my hand against Ekron: and the remnant of the Philistines shall perish, saith the Lord God" (*Amos, i., 6-8*).

"For Gaza shall be forsaken, and Ashkelon a desolation: they shall drive out Ashdod at the noonday, and Ekron shall be rooted up" (*Zeph., ii., 4*).

"The king shall perish from Gaza, and Ashkelon shall not be inhabited" (*Zech., ix., 5*).

"The word of the Lord that came to Jeremiah the prophet against the Philistines, before that Pharaoh smote Gaza. Thus saith the Lord; Behold, waters arise up out of the north, and shall be an overflowing flood, and shall overflow the land, and all that is therein; the city, and them that dwell therein: then the men shall cry, and all the inhabitants of the land shall howl. At the noise of the stamping of the

hoofs of his strong horses, at the rushing of his chariots, and at the rumbling of his wheels, the fathers shall not look back to their children for feebleness of hands; because of the day that cometh to spoil all the Philistines, and to cut off from Tyrus and Zidon every helper that remaineth: for the Lord will spoil all the Philistines, the remnant of the country of Caphtor. Boldness is come upon Gaza; Ashkelon is cut off with the remnant of their valley: how long wilt thou cut thyself? O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? put up thyself into the scabbard, rest, and be still. How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon, and against the sea shore? there hath he appointed it" (*Jeremiah, xlvii., 1-7*).

G. R.

## HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 67).

IT was very evident that O. P. Rockwell had saved the life of the sheriff, as there was no doubt that the blood-thirsty mobbers who followed him were determined to kill him. Had he refused to comply with the demand of the sheriff for protection, he would, to say the least, have proved himself an arrant coward. It was soon afterwards ascertained at Nauvoo that the man whom Rockwell had thus shot and killed was named Franklin A. Worrell, one of the most bitter and implacable enemies to the Saints in the country. This same Worrell was officer of the guard at Carthage jail when the Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum were murdered, and afterwards a witness when the case of their murder was under examination. He was asked at that time, among other questions, whether the fire-arms of the guard under his charge at the jail were loaded with blank cartridges only, or bullets. He refused to answer the question, and assigned, as a reason, that he could not do so without criminating himself; thus proving by his own confession that if not actually engaged in the murder he was indirectly a party to it.

The suffering of the Saints during the persecutions and troubles through which they were now passing was extreme. Many of those who had their homes destroyed and were thus rendered destitute of nearly all the comforts and many of the necessities of life were sick, and unable to offer any resistance had they been disposed to. Neither were the more strong and healthy generally in a condition to make a very able defense against the attacks of such a merciless mob. Many of them were unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, never having been brought into action before, and their fire-arms were few and of an inferior character.

Sheriff Backenstos, after reaching Nauvoo, immediately issued his second proclamation to the citizens of Hancock and surrounding Counties, in which he recounted the nefarious and bloody acts of the mob throughout Hancock County, detailed his narrow escape from the infuriated men who had followed him, commanded the mobbers and rioters to disperse and cease their violence, and ordered all able-bodied men throughout the County to arm themselves in the best possible manner and defend their lives and property. As a postscript to this proclamation, he added:

"It is proper to state that, the Mormon community have acted with more than ordinary forbearance—remaining perfectly

quiet, and offering no resistance, when their dwellings, other buildings, and stacks of grain, etc., were set on fire in their presence, and they have forborne until forbearance is no longer a virtue.

"The notorious Col. Levi Williams, who is at the head of the mob, has ordered out the militia of this brigade, comprising Hancock, M'Donough, and Schuyler Counties; but it is to be hoped that no good citizen will turn out and aid him or others in the overthrow of the laws of our country, and it is certain that no good citizen will cross the Mississippi river with a design to aid the rioters."

The First Presidency also urged upon the people the necessity of being vigilant, that the mob might not come upon them unawares, and of moving their women and children and substance into Nauvoo as quickly as possible, if unable to protect themselves. In Nauvoo a committee of five men were appointed to wait upon the mob, and petition for peace, promising them if they would retire and cease their mobbings, lawless litigations and other persecutions, and allow the Saints the necessary time and peace to prepare to remove, that they would leave the State in the Spring. A proclamation was then issued, signed by the First Presidency and a number of the leading Elders of the Church and addressed to Colonel Levi Williams, and the mobbing party of which he was the supposed leader, announcing the names of the men appointed as a committee from Nauvoo, and making known their proposition to leave the State, and asking for an answer to be returned in writing or by the committee who should wait on them. Two days after this was sent A. B. Chambers, editor of the *Missouri Republican*, arrived in Nauvoo, from Warsaw, and stated that his purpose was to save the destruction of property and individual suffering that evidently must occur unless conciliatory measures were adopted. He brought with him the names of Levi Williams and six others appointed as a committee by the anti-Mormons of Warsaw and vicinity to negotiate for peace. It seemed that many who had read the proposition to compromise addressed to the mob were satisfied with the proposals therein made, while many others were equally embittered and opposed to its stipulations on account, as they claimed, of being addressed as a mob. They thought, to accede to this, would be to virtually acknowledge that they were among those who had been engaged in burning and destroying property.

On the evening of the 16th, Sheriff Backenstos, feeling anxious for the safety of his family and others at Carthage raised an armed force and proceeded to that place to rescue them from the power of those threatening. On this point we quote his own language:

"On entering the town we were fired upon by some of the mobbers, who instantly fled. My heart sickens when I think of the awfully distressed state in which I found my family, in the hands of a gang of black-hearted villains, guilty of all the crimes known to our laws. \* \* \* The families which I designed to rescue had all fled, with the exception of Mrs. Deming, the widow of the late General Deming, who was of the opinion that she might escape their vengeance, inasmuch as the recent death of her husband it was thought, would have appeased their wrath against that family.

"After we had entered the town, persons were seen running about the streets with firebrands. Anticipating their intention of firing their own buildings, in order to charge the same upon the *posse committatus* under my command, we immediately took steps to prevent this, by threatening to put to the sword all those engaged in firing the place."

(To be Continued.)

## DANIEL.

BY R. C.

(Continued from page 69.)

DANIEL addressed the king, saying: "O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, a kingdom, and for the majesty He gave him, all peoples and nations and languages trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened to deal proudly, he was made to come down from his kingly throne; and his heart was made like the beasts. \* \* \* And thou, his son, O, Belshazzar, hast not humbled thy heart, though thou knowest all this, but hast lifted thyself against the Lord of heaven, and they have brought the vessels of His house before thee, and thou and thy lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drank wine in them, and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold and brass, iron, wood and stone; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, thou hast not glorified: therefore was the part of the hand sent from Him, and this writing was written: *Mene, mene, tekel Upharsin.*' This is the interpretation: *Mene*: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. *Tekel*: thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting. *Peres*: thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

Cyrus had previously caused a canal, which ran west of the city and carried off the water of the Euphrates into the lake of Nitroceris, to be cleared out in order to turn the river into it, which by this means was rendered so shallow that his soldiers were enabled to penetrate along its bed into the city. In that night was Belshazzar the king slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom.

Let us now turn to another act in the great drama of Daniel's life. We find that Darius was the son of Astyager, king of the Medes and brother of Mandane, mother of Cyrus. He destroyed Belshazzar, and occupied the throne till his death, two years after, when it reverted to the illustrious Cyrus, who was reared in his court.

Darius could not be otherwise than impressed with the extraordinary character and fitness of Daniel as his prime minister. He made him chief of three presidents and placed him over all the princes and principalities under the Medo-Persian rule. The king thought, also, to set him over the whole realm; hence a conspiracy on the part of these presidents and princes to displace and destroy Daniel. They could, however, sustain no charges against him in his administration of the affairs of the government; they were obliged to admit that "they could not find any occasion against Daniel, except they found it against him concerning the law of his God.

They found it necessary, in order to displace Daniel, that they should enlist the authority of the king; nor could they see, in their murderous plotting, a more reasonable and practical way for it, than for the king to sign and issue a decree, that whosoever should ask a petition or offer a prayer to any God or man for thirty days, except to the king alone, should be cast into the den of lions. This flattering proposition was laid before Darius. Sacred history tells us they induced the king to establish the decree and sign the writing that it might not be changed, for the laws of the Medes and Persians, when passed, were not allowed to be altered.

Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house, "and the windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."

Then these men assembled and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God, and informed the king of it, and asked: "Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any god, or man, within thirty days, save of thee, O King, shall be cast into the den of lions?"

Great was the king's sorrow, when he found that he had unwittingly put his signature to the death warrant of the truest man and most valuable officer of the state. He was sore displeased with himself and set his heart to deliver Daniel. Under the Medo-Persian laws Daniel could not be delivered, and the poor king gave the command, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions; and, to make all sure, "a stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet and with the signet of his lords, that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel."

This was supposed to be the end of the noble president; but not a lion in the den moved to the venerable prophet. The king spake and said unto Daniel: "Thy God whom thou servest, continually, He will deliver thee." The king arose very early in the morning and went in haste to the den of lions, and cried unto Daniel and said: "O Daniel, servant of the living God; is thy God whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Daniel answered: "My God hath sent His angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."

"Then was the king exceeding glad for him and commanded that they should take Daniel out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God. And the king commanded, and they brought those men which had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions, them, their children and their wives; and the lions had the mastery over them, and broke all their bones in pieces, or ever they came at the bottom of the den."

Then the king wrote unto all people that dwelt in all the earth, saying; "I will make a decree. That in every dominion of my kingdom, men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel, for He is the living God, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

So Daniel prospered in the reign of Darius and in the reign of Cyrus the Persian.

We learn from this narrative how a good saint may suffer, and how the wicked may prosper for a time; but God, maketh the wrath of man to praise Him and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. Another thing we learn is, the astounding effect a really good man's life has upon kings and nations; that by this one act of Daniel's fidelity to his God the whole world was brought from the worship and service of dumb idols and images to pray to, and serve the living and the true God.

Let us, therefore, my young friends, like Daniel in his youth, attend to our prayers, and gather with our fathers and mothers around the family altar; so shall we be the friends of God and all good Saints. I am encouraged to believe that God will raise from among our children many Daniels, who by their devotion to His cause, will realize the

delivering hand of God, by His heavenly angels and by the outpouring of His Holy Spirit.

## JOTTINGS BY A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

BY STREBEN.

(Continued from page 66).

ON the third floor, are apartments in which objects from America, China and other parts of the world are exhibited, which, together, also form an interesting collection.

Another large and beautiful building which is worthy of note, is the Trocadero, where the great exhibition of 1878 was held. This immense structure was commenced and finished within the short period of ten months; a force of hands being employed which is without precedent in the annals of architecture. The position chosen for the exhibition was indeed fine, and from the front part of the edifice, which stands on a slight eminence, a beautiful view can be had of a part of Paris. The exhibition grounds were nicely laid off and are now kept in good condition, although the building seems to be of no practical use at present.

The most remarkable of ecclesiastical monuments of Paris, is the church of Notre Dame, which is built on the Isle of La Cite, and it is even asserted that the River Seine flows under the same. It was commenced in the year 1163 and completed in 1236, after which it remained unchanged for nearly five centuries. It then underwent many changes, both internally and externally, until the year 1864, when it was arranged in its present form. In the late revolution it nearly became a prey to the flames. The Communists had gained possession of the same, and a fire had already been kindled, when the Versailles army arrived and saved the structure.

Within the walls of this church many kings and queens, and also other noted individuals, have been married; Napoleon I. and III. were crowned, the late Prince Imperial was sprinkled, and many other events of historical note have occurred here. The principal objects contained in the treasure room are what is said to be the genuine crown of thorns worn by the Savior, a piece of His cross and one of the nails of crucifixion. Many relics of ancient popes and saints are also preserved in sacred reverence.

It is said that this church will contain twenty-one thousand persons, but, according to my judgment, if so many individuals get within the building at one time, they will have to be piled one on top of another.

There are many more places of interest in this large city which are worthy of note, but at the present time I will not give a description of them, but will proceed to write a little concerning my visit to Versailles, which place lies about forty minutes ride on the cars distant from Paris.

Versailles has a very nice location and is, in fact, one of the principal pleasure resorts for the people of the French metropolis. The inhabitants, numbering about sixty-five thousand, are engaged in various occupations. Although Versailles, in and of itself, is well worthy of a visit, still that which attracts visitors mostly is the palace, which is said to be the finest in the world, with its surrounding gardens. This kingly residence was elevated to its present grandeur by Louis XIV., who gave enormous amounts for the embellish-



ment of this one structure. It has been used as a home for a number of kings, and even Napoleon III. held a number of grand entertainments therein. In 1870, it became the headquarters of the Germans, and was therefore the center of operations in the siege of Paris, but upon the latter city being seized by the Communists, it became the seat of the French government. A large equestrian statue of Louis XIV. stands in the yard; this was made out of cannon brought from the Rhine River, where a number of victories had been gained by this nation. In front of this statue, William of Prussia was proclaimed emperor of Germany, amidst his victorious generals and troops, on the 18th of January, 1871.

This renowned palace, whose external beauty is surpassed by its internal grandeur, contains some five thousand paintings representing scenes in the history of France, as also a great many fine specimens of sculpture. Some of the paintings here displayed are from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and ten or twelve feet high, and are as true to nature as the painter's brush can make them. A person in viewing some of the thrilling battle scenes becomes so enrapt in the view that he almost thinks he is looking upon the natural scene, instead of that which the talents of man have portrayed. The many rooms contained in this edifice, some of which are large enough for balls and receptions, are beautifully frescoed and magnificently ornamented in every particular.

The gardens surrounding this palace are indeed fine, and surpass, in fact, everything of the kind I have yet seen. Beautiful shrubs and plants of various kinds fill the numerous grass plats, while here and there a nice statue or fountain relieves the monotony of the scene. The many fountains of these gardens play merely for one hour in every month in summer, but at these times thousands of people assemble to witness the grand sight. It is said that this one hour's pleasure alone costs the city the neat little sum of ten thousand francs, or in American money about two thousand dollars. Costly sight!

Versailles suffered considerable loss during the late war with Germany, as a great many troops were stationed in and around the city, and they were not particularly careful about preserving the property of their opposers. It is also asserted by the French (allowance must therefore be made for the statement) that the victorious army even went so far as to rob the homes of the vanquished of the furniture which they contained.

Returning to Paris from this city, I procured my valise, and, in the company of one Utah Elder, the other having returned to his field of labor in England, started on my journey to Switzerland, going by way of Lyons and Geneva, stopping, however, merely an hour or so in each of these places. It really seemed a relief to leave the "city of fashions," which the French proudly call "the queen city of the civilized world," and I fancied that I could breathe more freely on arriving within the boundaries of the Swiss republic.

On arriving once more in my old field of labor at Bern, I was sorry to hear of some things which had transpired during my absence. One of these occurrences, was the great land slide of the 11th of September, 1881, in Canton Glarus, in which the village Elu, with about one thousand inhabitants, was almost totally destroyed, and nearly two hundred persons were, without a moment's warning, hurled into eternity. This quiet little place was almost entirely surrounded by mountains, so that at certain seasons of the year the sun did

not shine in the valley for weeks. The poor people feeling secure while surrounded by nature's bulwarks, little dreamed of the awful catastrophe awaiting them. Lumps of dirt had become loosened from the overhanging mountain and had rolled into the valley below, but still no fears as to the safety of the place were entertained. The man was attending to his out-door labor, the woman was engaged in her duties, and the children were engaged in their usual sport, when suddenly a deep sound, as of distant thunder, was heard. A rush, a crush, and all was over! The falling mountain has done its work, and where a few moments previously the Swiss cottage with its happy inmates could be seen, there is nothing now visible but a heap of stones, dirt and broken trees. The work of years is destroyed in an instant!

In reflecting on this terrible disaster, my thoughts are directed to the words of our Savior, and the holy prophets who have spoken concerning the terrible events of the latter times, and I must say that these calamities give an undeniable testimony to the fact that the winding up scene is fast approaching.

Another "sign of the times," referred to by the Redeemer, is that false prophets and teachers should appear. The Saints of Bern also had the opportunity of beholding the truth of this prophecy, since I was with them the last time. It happened in this way: All the Elders from Zion happened to be out in different parts of the mission at the same time. During their absence, a Josephite preacher came among the Saints, and, on asserting that he was a "Mormon" missionary, he received food and lodging. He soon showed his true colors, however, and then commenced to preach against some of the principles of the gospel. A few of the members, whose testimony of the truth was not of the strongest kind, began to weaken and to doubt, but upon the return of the Elders to Bern, the falsity and treacherousness of this false prophet were exposed to view, and he was then left to himself to seek a better field of labor. This man joined the Church upwards of twenty years ago in Switzerland, and was for some time an earnest advocate of its principles. After a time, a good brother of this country advanced the necessary amount for his emigration to Utah, which amount has, by the way, never been repaid.

(To be Continued.)

## THE TONGUE-SPEAK KINDLY.

BY W. J.

STATISTICS inform us that there are over thirteen hundred millions of human beings on this earth. A great deal of talking and writing are done every day by this vast, various, struggling, and contending family of our common progenitor, Adam; and every sentence uttered and heard, or written and read, or written, printed, and read, tends to produce good or ill feelings, or peace or war, in this great family. If every one spoke and wrote, and printed, and labored, to establish "peace on earth, good will towards men," what a glorious millennial reign would soon exist on this now sin-cursed earth!

Solomon says: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," (*Prov. xxi., 11.*)

"Words are things of little cost,  
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;

We forget them, but they stand,  
Witnesses at God's right hand;  
And their testimony bear—  
For us, or against us, there."

The wise man also says: "He that uttereth a slander is a fool;" but, "the tongue of the just is as choice silver;" and "the lips of the righteous feed many" (*Prov. x*). Also, "a soft answer turneth away wrath" (*Prov. xv., 1*); but "death and life are in the power of the tongue" (*Prov. xiii., 21*).

The apostle James says: "The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth? And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame: it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be" (*James iii.*)

A Jewish rabbi once sent his servant to a meat market for the best joint he could find, and he purchased his master a tongue. The rabbi thought this peculiar, and shortly after sent him to the same place for the worst joint he could find, and he brought him home a tongue.

We use the tongue to speak kind words, which fill the heart with love and peace and joy indescribable; and we use it to utter bitter sarcasms, stinging insinuations, and low-bred slanders, which produce feelings of hatred, malice, and murder, in the minds and hearts of our fellow-beings; and we belch forth blasphemous, heaven-defying exclamations against the Almighty Himself; thus incurring His displeasure, and subjecting ourselves to his vengeance and judgments in this life; and, being unrepentant, in the life to come, to eternal banishment from His presence and glory. How necessary, therefore, that the tongue should be "bridled?" How necessary that it should be "tamed" by the Spirit and power of God; for mere man, unassisted by that Spirit, cannot do it. What a powerful agent for good, when used in kindness, when inspired by the Holy Ghost, and continually used to subdue evil, and give peace to earth? And this is its legitimate work. It was given us to be used for our exaltation and the glory of the Father; and if we allow the adversary to use it for any other purpose, and will not repent, it will be dumb with condemnation in the day when we have to give an account of the deeds done in the body.

The following, by Landbridge, as touching this subject, is worthy a place here:

"Ah! me! these terrible tongues of ours!  
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?  
Do we ever trouble our heads at all,  
Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?  
The latest chirp of the little bird,  
That spicy story you must have heard—  
We jerk them away in our gossip rash,  
And somebody's glass goes all to smash,  
What fumes have been blasted and broken,  
What pestilent sinks have been stirred,  
By a word in lightness spoken,  
By only an idle word!

A sneer—a shrug—a whisper low—  
They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow;

Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,  
They pierce the mail of the great and brave;  
Vain is the buckler of wisdom or pride,  
To turn the pitiless point aside;  
The lips may curl with a careless smile,  
But the heart drips blood—drips blood the while.  
Ah me! what hearts have been broken,  
What rivers of blood have been stirred,  
By a word in malice spoken,  
By only a little word!

A kindly word and a tender tone—  
To only God is their virtue known!  
They can lift from the dust the abject head,  
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;  
The heart close-barred with passion and pride,  
Will ding at their knock its portal wide,  
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears,  
Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.  
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,  
What rivers of blood have been stirred,  
By a word in kindness spoken—  
By only a gentle word!"

## EARNING A LIVING IN LONDON.

BY JAKUSEE.

IT is a very fortunate circumstance connected with the residence of the Latter-day Saints in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, that the various miserable methods of obtaining a livelihood prevailing in the world are unknown among us. Our children, therefore, cannot know very much about the distress and suffering that their brothers and sisters of the human family undergo in other parts of the earth. They read in the newspapers, perhaps, of the destitution existing among the poor, caused by the scarcity of food in London, or the bitter cold weather in New York. They may see from time to time that by the closing of factories in certain parts, thousands are thrown out of employment, and that calls for aid from the public spirited, are being continually made through the press, and from the platform and pulpit. But such items as these are so frequent that they lose the charm of novelty, and are forgotten almost as soon as read. Only those who have endured or fully seen these sufferings can thoroughly understand the situation of millions in the large cities of both hemispheres. Work is impossible to get, and begging, in some places, as London, for example, is forbidden by law. So all sorts of plans are devised for the procuring of a few pennies needed to keep starvation from the door.

In London, one cannot go a hundred yards in the busy streets without meeting little half-fed, ragged, barefooted boys and girls, offering matches for sale at one cent a box. Poor blind men and women are stationed along the curb stones with two or three boxes of matches in one hand (not for sale, but to avoid the accusation of begging), and the other extended with the hope of obtaining a copper or two which they would be imprisoned for asking for.

The red-coated bootblacks, not allowed to run about soliciting the pleasure of blacking your boots, are compelled to take a designated place and keep it (for which privilege they have to pay the city a license fee), but from that place they almost implore passersby to furnish them a job. Human beings of all ages, from the child of four years to the patriarch of seventy, are engaged in the business.

The lively class of news-boys do quite a thriving trade, and advertise their periodicals by huge placards containing the heading of their principal items of news, which placards they stretch out on the pavement, weighting them down with pebbles to keep the wind from blowing them away.

One of the most amusing industries is the cat's meat trade. It is followed by hundreds in London alone. Whenever a horse gets too old for service, or becomes crippled, so as to be unfit for further use as a horse, he is sold to these "provision merchants," who slaughter him, and boil him up. The fat, I suppose, goes to the soap-maker, but the lean is handed over to the various men, women and children, who have the cats of a certain portion of the city to supply with daily food. These people trudge along the sidewalk with the basket on their arm, crying out with a peculiar nasal twang, "meat—cat's meat!" and they are generally followed by two or more purring pussies. One cent's worth is the usual quantity purchased, and that lasts a cat twenty-four hours. The dealers cut it into thin slices, about half a dozen of which they put on a wooden skewer, and that forms the daily ration, unless it should happen to be the cat's birthday, when an extra cent is squandered to give her a feast. This and the drinking saloons are the only forms of business that continue Sundays as well as week-days. They did try to stop the former trade once, but all the cat's in the corporation rebelled. No one ever dares to mention the propriety of letting the saloon keepers rest one day out of the seven.

A rarer pursuit, because a more delicate one, is that of the man who gains a precarious living by drawing colored crayon pictures on the pavement. He is generally long-haired, and very seedy in appearance, but he uses the chalk skillfully and produces some really beautiful views. They are about two by three feet in size, and about six in number, covering a strip of pavement a little over a rod long, close up to the wall or fence. The first may be a battle scene, sketched faithfully, yet rapidly, for he works while you watch him, rubbing out one view when it becomes dim and drawing a fresh one in its place. Then there may be a marine view, with a ship in full sail, the rolling waves being depicted with splendid effect. Another may be a lovely landscape, with the various features of forest, cloud, cottage and animals brought out with wonderful clearness. One of the best of these pictures I have seen was that of a ship on fire at midnight, with the captain, the last to leave the vessel, just in the act of jumping into the sea, to be picked up by one of the boats, which was riding gently on the waves near by. The faces of the men, the surface of the water, and the smoky, lurid sky with sparks flying off in clouds, were all carefully portrayed, with the reflection from the blazing wreck. The concluding picture of the group is usually a robin, in his mouth a long streamer bearing these words: "Pity the poor artist;" "do not let talent go unrewarded," etc. When night comes on the "poor artist" lights a few stumps of candles, which throw a flickering sickly light over the sketches; while there he sits and works, waiting to the last for the loitering coins which come in slowly. And when it gets late enough to go home, he quietly takes up his little satchel of crayons, and with the pittance of money his talent has earned, disappears in the darkness, leaving his work to be trampled over and totally obliterated before he does it again next morning.

Then there is the army of costermongers, who, with a donkey little larger than a sheep, and a small two-wheeled barrow, cry about the streets with all sorts of vegetables, or carry light loads from place to place. It is surprising how they get

a living at all, for even if they make a hundred per cent. on their stock, it is so small a quantity that one would think that it could scarcely keep the donkey in food. In London, however, people can live on a very little, especially when they only have a little to live on.

The organ grinders, whose name is legion, may be met with on every street. They are sometimes children or cripples, but too often finely built, able-bodied men. There are certain dealers in the city who own the organs, and hire them out at a fixed price, and all beyond this amount, that the grinder collects during the day he is entitled to keep for himself. It is said the "musicians," do a very good business, some having been so prosperous as to become the actual possessors of their instruments.

There are very many other methods of earning or obtaining a living in the world, which would be strange to the children of Utah, if they could see them, and which might be interesting if described to them. But perhaps I have mentioned enough at this time. My object is to show them how blessed they are in having plenty to eat and wear, with kind parents who supply everything that is needful for their comfort; also to cause, if possible, a greater appreciation of the mercies of God unto them in thus blessing them, and giving their parents a free land, where abundance is the rule and poverty almost unknown.

## THE HILL OF LIFE.

BY J. CRYSTAL.

In climbing the hill of life, my friend,  
Your courage well maintain,  
And let not a slip or stumble send  
You down the slope again;  
But struggle upward, onward still,  
With the love of right in view,  
And prove to all that you have the will  
And the heart to dare and do.

The hill of life, which all must tread,  
Is slippery, rugged, steep;  
But which is better, the heights to dread,  
Or duty's paths to keep—  
It would better be to fall and rise  
And limp with an aching sore,  
Than backward slide, with downcast eyes,  
From the bliss which is in store.

Away beyond this hill of life,  
On a broad and happy shore,  
Redeemed from sorrow, sin and strife,  
Are those who have climbed before;  
And they watch your progress day by day,  
And beckon you to come,  
In love and truth, by the narrow way,  
To the soul's eternal home.

Then struggle on to the goal in view,  
With footsteps firm and sure;  
Though the path be steep and rough to you,  
Be steadfast and endure;  
And, as you look behind and see  
The trials you have passed,  
You will feel content, and blest, to be  
O'er the hill of life at last.

# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1882.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



NOT for many years has there been such a spirit of hatred against the Latter-day Saints as we now witness. The whole country is stirred up against Utah, and steps are being taken to destroy the work of God. How wonderfully are men fulfilling the words of the servant of God in the beginning of the Church. It was predicted that this work should roll forth until it filled the whole earth. The Saints were told that they would be hated and persecuted by a township, then by Counties, then by States, then by the United States, and that finally all the nations of the earth would array themselves against the Zion of God. These predictions have been literally fulfilled thus far. The Congress of the United States is determined to enact laws that will destroy our organization; that is, they think they will destroy it; but all who

have this idea will be disappointed, for God has spoken concerning this work. There are a people in Utah Territory who have laid plans by which they hoped they would get possession of our homes. They have not seen how they could do this like the mobs in Missouri and Illinois, but they have laid their plans to reach the same ends in another way. They have told all manner of falsehoods about us, and have arranged that all the religious sects in the United States are stirred up to send petitions to Congress, asking for legislation against us. This legislation is designed to take the control of the Territory out of the hands of the Latter-day Saints and give it into the hands of those who are opposed to them.

The Edmunds Bill, which has just passed both houses of Congress, is designed for this purpose. It could not have passed the House had respect been paid to the rules of the House. A point of order was made against it, which would have been respected had it been against any other bill, but it was overruled. Notwithstanding the rules of the House; notwithstanding the Constitution, which is clearly violated by this law; notwithstanding the laws and the precedents, our enemies were determined to reach the end they had in view, and to put a law on the statute book that would have the effect aimed at by those who hate us.

The only difference between the enactment of this measure and the plans and resolutions of mobs in days past is that this has the semblance of law; our enemies have succeeded in clothing their designs in its forms; whereas, the mobs in former times carried out their plans by the use of the rifle and of cannon, by violence, regardless of all the rights which men and women have under the Constitution. The Constitution furnishes to all men certain guarantees of liberty which become safeguards, and which, if the government were properly constituted, would protect them against injury; but when these are trampled down and utterly disregarded, then

the people who are affected are as much at the mercy of those who seek their destruction as they would be at the mercy of a mob; it becomes the law of night.

This is a good time to test the faith of Latter-day Saints. Looking at the spirit that now prevails, it would seem that we are on the eve of severe persecution. There is that feeling abroad in the nation that demands that we shall be stricken down. But we have been prophesying that this would be the case from the beginning, and now that we see its fulfillment we should not be alarmed thereat. The Lord's arm is not shortened; His power is not lessened; He is still as able to save His people from the grasp of their enemies as He ever was; and He will test the faith of every man and woman in His Church. It will seem sometimes as though destruction is inevitable, and that we are sure to fall victims of our enemies. This is necessary to test our faith; but the Lord is just as near to us in the midst of trials, difficulties and dangers as in the days of prosperity and peace. Not one hair of our heads can fall to the ground without His notice. He is watching over His Saints, He will deliver them, and there is no power that can retard His work or overthrow His designs concerning it.

IN the present uproar which is being raised throughout the nation about the "Mormons," of course the preachers take the most prominent part. The stories they concoct and retail to their hearers about the "Mormons" are generally the most unreasonable, and the plans they suggest for their suppression are frequently among the most diabolical. Here is a part of the speech of one veracious(?) preacher, delivered before an audience in the east:

"Last summer, when all Christendom was praying for the recovery of the beloved President, all Mormondom was praying for his death, and Guiteau is now lauded to the skies by these people. Ever since the 27th of September, Mormon bishops have been flaunting their prayer test in the face of the Gentiles. They are now securing arms and powder, and drilling militia in the back parts of Utah, and preparing for a rebellion, which is inevitable. The only means of avoiding this is to educate the children. This work can be done by Christian women teachers. There are to-day three thousand Mormon children in the day schools of Utah, taught by missionaries, who are exerting untold influence, not only among children, but also among Mormon women; and five hundred more teachers are needed. In ten or fifteen years these children will be voters and citizens of Utah, and the seed now sown will solve the Mormon question without the aid of arms or law."

This preacher claims to have had extensive experience as a missionary in Utah, and speaks from it. We leave our readers to judge for themselves of his truthfulness. It is said that when he is in Utah he professes great friendship for the people, and is not so outspoken in regard to his real mission and design as he is when abroad. He is one of those who come to us with honeyed words and "in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravaging wolves." We hope our readers will beware of such persons, and take care that they may never be numbered among the "Mormon children taught by missionaries who are exerting untold influence, not only among children, but among Mormon women."

The way of duty is the way of safety.



THE RESECUE FROM FIRE.

BY G. M. O.

THERE is nothing startles and excites a community so quickly as the fire alarm. The deep, rapid and loud alarm of his fire bells sends a thrill to every heart. All are up and away to the scene of conflagration. The noise of rushing firemen, with the jingle and rattle and rumble of "reel" and "truck" and engine are mingled with the shouts and clatter of the feet of the running and excited populace.

Of course, the majority who go to fires cannot and do not do any good there. To the firemen, with their cool practiced, and well-drilled ways, we leave the work of staying and subduing the destructive element: and thankful should we all feel towards these brave men, who at a moment's call rush to the scene of danger, and at risk of life or limb, work for the preservation of our property and possibly for the rescue of our lives. For though not frequent, yet it sometimes happens that scenes similar to the one here pictured actually occur; in fact, in many of the large cities, especially in Europe, the firemen are more thoroughly drilled and effective in saving life than in saving property.

Our readers can hardly realize how appalling and fearful it is, unless they have witnessed it, to see a human being away up in a forth story window of a burning building, all communi-

cation through the house being cut off, the flames hissing and roaring and consuming with fearful rapidity the very floor upon which she or he may be standing. To stay is certain death by burning; to leap is equally certain death from being crushed by the fall. Who can describe, who can picture the horror of the beholder, much less the agonized feelings of the poor unfortunate, with death around, above and below!

Our picture represents some such a scene, with, fortunately, a happy termination. A brave man has by some means made his way to the upper story of a burning building, for a noble purpose, and in which he has been successful, to rescue a little child from a horrible death. We can imagine the loud hurrahs and feelings of the spectators, though they are not seen in the picture. We see, however, the outstretched hands of an anxious and happy parent, reaching to receive the little girl from the brave rescuer's arm.

I hope the little folks who read the INSTRUCTOR may never have the misfortune to be so situated as to require assistance under such cir-

cumstances, or ever be menaced by so terrible a death.

Our readers, young and old, would perhaps be astonished to hear that eighty million dollars worth of property was burnt and destroyed by fire during the year 1881, in the city of London. One hundred and fifty-four people were also rescued from fire, and forty lost their lives.

Too many fires originate from carelessness, and in the city of Salt Lake, no less than seventeen fires, during the last six



years, have been caused by boys playing with matches. These fires caused a total loss of nine thousand four hundred dollars worth of property. Only think of it boys! enough to have schooled every one of the careless boys who caused the destruction!

Boys cannot be too careful of fire. They should avoid carrying around matches. There is nothing more destructive than a match with a bad boy at the end of it. Girls, too, are sometimes careless when working around the stove, and their clothing becomes ignited. Cases of this kind have happened in Utah; in fact, useful and beneficial as fire is to us as a servant, we must be very careful of it, for as a master it is fearfully and awfully destructive.

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## YES, OR NO.

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BY J. C.

A GREAT many persons suffer both their temporal and spiritual interests to be sacrificed, simply because they lack the moral fortitude to unequivocally answer in the negative or affirmative as occasion may require.

Now, this is a weakness that ought to be conquered, as it is apt to entail upon us remorse and suffering, of a very painful and protracted character.

When a person is asked a question of importance, the first thing necessary is to carefully consider the nature of the proposition, and see whether it will be just to himself and to all involved to answer "Yes" or "No."

By using one or the other of these little words, we either deny or approve something, and obligate ourselves to take a course compatible with the enunciation rendered, and there is nothing that will paralyze one's influence more than to say "Yes," when he has no intention whatever of sustaining the promise expressed.

Such a person cannot be relied upon, and soon loses the confidence and respect of all, with whom he may come in contact, and, moreover, is curtailing his own honor and dignity, which, when honestly vindicated and cherished, make him an ornament and blessing, but which, when tarnished, make him the object of scorn, and the victim of much that is evil.

If merely from a desire to be courteous, and to please somebody, we say "Yes," when justly we ought to say "No," we are deceiving ourselves badly, for, although, the evasion may seem to please for the moment, the same party we seem to have pleased, will, sooner or later, discover our falsity, and, instead of gaining the gratification desired, we shall only be rewarded with ridicule and contempt.

It is always wise to let due reflection precede action. Action first, thought after, is too haphazard and risky. It is infinitely better to say "No," and offend a multitude, than to say "Yes" and be at war with one's self.

Truth, amid all the intricacies of life, will triumph. Error is treacherous, insecure and dangerous. It is vastly safer and better to circulate the genuine coin, with the proper weight and ring to it, than to risk the base counterfeit, which is soon discovered and cast aside as a thing of infamy and worthlessness.

To the mental and moral weakness of man, which compels him to yield his will to some other will, stronger but less pure than his own, can clearly be traced many of the revolting crimes that blacken the history of our age. By yielding to

the false advice and evil practices of depraved companions, many a bright hope has been obscured, and many a pure heart and mind have been alienated from the pure, sound, examples and admonitions of early youth, until, eventually, actual life has become as dark and horrid as some appalling midnight dream.

A person whose moral courage is so weak that he dare not face the contingences of life with a candid, congruous "Yes" or "No," fearless of calumny, is like the ship in a howling tempest, shorn of rudder and anchor: hopelessly wafted hither and thither by wind and wave, to be wrecked at last on some treacherous reef that underlies the surrounding commotion.

A sad picture this, of erring humanity, but alas! in too many cases, how true!

If we would avert such calamities, we must let the fate of others, and their dearly-bought experience be to us as way-marks or danger signals.

As the checker-board is somewhat symbolic of life, let us briefly illustrate, and finish.

In playing this game, nothing but the utmost care and caution can ensure success. One rash "move" may spoil the whole game, and one must always consider the influence one move will have on those that are to follow, and shrewdly anticipate the movements likely to be made by the opposing party.

Now, as life is very much the same, and as a rash and wrong resolution or action may prove the first step to a life of ruin and misery, let us be very careful to cultivate and attain that sufficiency of moral courage and good sense which shall at all times, and under all conditions enable us to render a just and equitable "Yes" or "No."

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## A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

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BY E. P.

FEELING a great interest in the youth of Zion, I wish to relate for their benefit and encouragement an incident of recent occurrence which has come to my knowledge, relative to the power of faith and the efficacy of prayer. I shall not say much at the present time about the principle itself, but mention this circumstance for the information and instruction of the young folks who read the INSTRUCTOR, and as a practical demonstration of the power of faith and the immediate blessings that oftentimes are derived from the exercise thereof.

Not two hundred miles from Salt Lake City, resides a little boy about twelve years of age, whose name is Ernest.

I would not like to say that he is such a very exceptionally good boy, who never did any wrong, such as we read about in the little Sabbath school story books, who always die young, as Mark Twain says, and yet this little boy is not a bad boy, and I think he is a pretty good boy, for I heard him say that he wanted to gain an education and grow up a useful man.

He attends his school regularly, and I believe he applies himself tolerably well to his studies.

Not many weeks since, Ernest was wrestling with another boy and accidentally had his hip dislocated.

His mother, who was away from home, was sent for, as well as some of the brethren, who came and replaced the bones in their natural positions. After all was arranged properly and the little boy was quite comfortable, which was

accomplished with but little pain or suffering, Ernest whispered to his mother and told her that he knew the reason that he got along so well, and with so little pain and suffering: it was because he had, while waiting for her to come, after the news of the accident had been sent to her, said his prayers, and asked the Lord to bless him and cause that he might not suffer from the effects of the accident. The hip did not swell at all, and in two or three days he was attending school, as usual.

Now, this would appear very remarkable to me, if I did not know that there is a power in faith, and whether exercised by the Elders who bear the Priesthood or by a child, it is all the same, God is just as willing to hear and answer the prayer of a little boy or girl as any one else. And the young folks among the Latter-day Saints should early cultivate the habit of praying regularly.

How do you suppose this little boy came to think of praying? Why, I will tell you: his mother taught him almost in his infancy that he should pray before retiring to bed at night, and his father attends to family prayer night and morning, asking God's blessing and protecting care upon and around the family from day to day, that no harm or accident may befall them.

How necessary that parents should set a good example before their children. Those parents who neglect to do so, will have more to answer for than many of them are aware of. The Lord has told us distinctly in a revelation the duties of parents towards their children, and the penalty of neglecting those duties, and I think I am safe in saying that many parents will be held responsible for the sins of their children, when they neglect to teach them correct principles, and fail to set them good examples.

I trust that all the little boys and girls and young men and young women who read this, will remember the incident, and if they have not heretofore made it a practice to pray night and morning, that they will commence to do so without delay.

## THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY E. D. HOLT, SOUTH JORDAN.

THE promise is given in holy writ that, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise them up." Those words are as true to-day as when first spoken.

This winter my family has passed through a sore affliction, and I must acknowledge the goodness of God in answer to my prayers and those of my brethren who assisted me in administering to my family.

I have four boys and four girls between the ages of two years and sixteen. In November, the eldest was taken sick with the diphtheria in a mild form, but through faith and good care she soon recovered. On the 1st of December, my little girl, nine years old was taken sick, and on the 3rd we discovered that she had the diphtheria of a very bad type. My folks became much alarmed, but I went in secret and prayed unto the Lord to give me faith and power to overcome this terrible disease. He did show me what to do, and I never shall forget the heavenly feeling that came over me on that occasion. The power of God came upon me, and I told my family that the Lord was going to assist us in our affliction. I sent for some of my brethren to come and assist in administering to my children, but by the time they arrived, another one was taken sick.

Before administering, I asked the brethren who had come in if either of them had any hard feelings towards any one. They replied they had not. I then felt that we could appeal to the Lord unitedly in faith and claim His blessings. We knelt in prayer to our Heavenly Father, and afterwards administered to the sick. They received a great blessing. One had the croup-diphtheria, and some said she would be dead in a few hours, but the Spirit whispered to me, "She will live." She began to turn black, but, in company with three brethren, I again administered to her. The power of God was upon us, and she began to recover.

One after another, my children were taken down with the diphtheria until all were afflicted. Some said "You must expect to lose some of them;" but I replied: "The Lord has manifested to me that they will all get well and go to Sunday school and primary meetings and improvement meetings again!" This saying is fulfilled. This date being fast day, I took them to meeting and bore testimony that the power of God had healed my children. To God be all the glory for their recovery.

## QUERIES.

BY J. A. L.

WHO can define those ethereal fancies which sometimes clothe in beautiful drapery the hard statue-like realities of life? Who can tell the origin of those myriads of ideas which, for us, have no realization; of those sublime and beautiful theories which now appear impracticable of fulfillment; of those longings for something beyond the clogging toils of this mortality, which we find nothing here to satisfy? May they not be the little that we are permitted to call forth from the experiences of the past spiritual, or, possibly, the preludes of the higher future life, if we honor this?

Sometimes these flitting perceptions are of a sombre hue, and clothe our fondest hopes with shadows, but they make the bright side of life the brighter when the sunshine dispels the gloom. It is ever difficult to draw the line between the temporal and the spiritual, the imaginative and the real. To finite minds, in the numberless varieties of creation, they appear ever blended together.

Without effort on our part, the fancies seem to emanate from the overflowing spiritual within us, and they often throw a charm around the dull monotones of life. We are ever endeavoring to shape the real after the imagery of the mind, and the thoughts of the heart truly indicate the character of man, though but few can read them correctly.

There is little similarity in the aims and object of existence between the mother, who imagines angelic forms flitting around her sleeping babe when it smiles, and the one who looks upon her child only as a necessary trouble of existence. In the first, the beautiful imagery emanates from the overflowing affections of the heart, which shed a softening halo over the asperities of life. In the latter, there is a chill in the heart that counteracts the ameliorating influences of love. The poetic conceptions of Milton and Byron define the wide difference in their characters more minutely than any mean description could do. The first evolved from the great drama of creation, the noble and sublime, in the final triumph of right over wrong; while the latter tempted the evil in men's natures, by painting the pleasures of licentiousness in rosiest hues, without even reminding its victims of the ruin invariably found in the bottom of the cup.

## REVIEW OF AN ACTIVE LIFE.

BY G. G.

*(Continued from page 76.)*

**T**WENTY months had now passed away since my wife and I were baptized into the Church; and had the rapid and momentous circumstances we experienced been shown us one day prior to our baptism, I fear we would both have shrunk from accepting the gospel on any such terms; but the future being so wisely and completely hidden from our eyes, we knew not what was coming until our faith became strong and confiding enough to meet it, and acknowledge the hand of the Lord therein.

At the time of our baptism, I was doing a good, safe, ready-money business, and just merging from a severe loss but recently experienced; but by publicly preaching in the market-place, my business rapidly collapsed, my financial hopes were blighted, my home was broken up, my furniture disposed of, and I left with a wife and seven small children on my hands and no means of supporting them. Then followed the refusal of help from my father and the payment of fifty pounds by my brother to get rid of us, and afterwards my trip to Liverpool, a perfect stranger, to raise means for the purchase of supplies for our journey across the ocean, to a country where, to use the words of my father, it would be impossible for me to earn "salt for my porridge." A few weeks' successful efforts, in Liverpool and Manchester, and then adieu to parents, relatives and country, my wife leaving an only mother, and I both father and mother, all of whom were so passionately fond of our children, that to tear them away forever seemed like severing their very heart strings. Then followed the trying experience of a birth and burial on the ocean; the sudden expectation of a watery grave by contact with a snag on the Mississippi; the death of another child at Memphis; arrival at St. Louis in midwinter, without means; the death of another child there; successful peddling through the streets of St. Louis and Bluff City; the death of two more children; the journey, mostly on foot, of one thousand miles across the plains, and the safe arrival in Salt Lake City of myself, wife and three children.

All this for the gospel's sake! If the kind hand of our Heavenly Father had not been with us, and also His Holy Spirit, to cheer and comfort and enlighten our minds, we never could have passed through such an ordeal.

I had said on the plains, that I never would go around peddling among the Saints, but, in the absence of any other employment, and having a remnant of needles, etc., on hand (though somewhat rusty), and there being a scarcity of needles in this city at that time, I was constrained to break that resolution. I took hold again, and had no trouble in disposing of my remaining stock, in exchange for something to eat.

One day, also, when snow was falling very heavily, I went around and gathered up over twenty pair of scissors to grind, took them to Daft and Hague, on Main Street, to sharpen, they dividing the profit with me, by which I earned over two dollars that snowy day. The Lord helps those who are willing to help themselves.

Three weeks after our arrival, the semi-annual conference was held in the Old Tabernacle, and at one of the meetings, President Young gave permission for the brethren and sisters to bear their testimony. The Spirit of the Lord prompted me to arise and relate my experience, which had

been so varied in its character that the congregation gave vent to alternate emotions of joy and sorrow. What I said also called forth some encouraging remarks from the Apostle, Parley P. Pratt.

I soon learned my duty in regard to tithing: to pay to the Church on arrival in the Valley one-tenth of my property and after that one-tenth of my annual increase.

Valuing my property at four hundred dollars, and having an only cow left of our general outfit, I drove her to the Tithing Office, which was valued, and the rest of the amount to reach forty dollars was paid out of my basket, of such articles as the brethren at the office selected.

I then felt happy and joyful in spirit, knowing that I could claim the blessing of my Heavenly Father on my daily labor.

During the entire winter I was enabled to sustain my family by disposing of or exchanging my "notions" for any article of food the Saints had to part with.

Houses, like angels' visits, in the fall of 1852, were few and far between, and it was seldom that I reached home before the darkness of night overtook me.

Having received the ordination of an Elder in the old country, I joined that quorum in this city, and attended their monthly meetings, which were held in the 17th Ward meeting house, a comfortable place to meet in on a cold winter's night, had it not been for so many broken panes of glass in the windows. This place being nearly three miles distant from my house, I sometimes found it difficult to make my way home on a stormy, dark night, and occasionally encountered ditches or other obstructions more sensibly felt than seen. I also joined the Tabernacle Choir, as a bass singer. In that early day it was made up of vocal and instrumental performers. Among the latter were Brothers Midgley, Grimsshaw, Jones, Hutchinson, Ballo, Waite, Westwood and others. Among the vocalists were James Smithies (leader), Stephen H. Goddard, Sisters, Kimball, Sophia L. Hardy, Emmeline B. Wells, Hellen M. Whitney, Agatha Pratt and others.

At our weekly practice meetings, a few had to take turns in bringing a candle each, and if any happened to be troubled with a bad memory and forgot their candle, there would be just about sufficient light to make the singers visible to one another.

In the spring of 1853, I obtained permission of Stephen H. Goddard to have a stall on the corner, now known as Godbe's corner, where I exhibited a small variety of useful articles, having replenished my waning stock from the stores of Livingston and Kinkead, or of Cogswell, the only merchants of any magnitude at that time.

As the summer season advanced, the heat of the sun injured some of my goods, especially horn combs, which assumed an unnatural twist. My friends suggested an awning, as a protection over head, which I had put up of unbleached sheeting. This awning soon attracted the notice of a very important personage in those days, namely, the city marshal, who peremptorily ordered me to take it down, as being an obstruction to the sidewalk. As I failed to respond to the command at the moment, he called his deputy and commanded him to "tear that awning down." This inhumane exercise of a little brief authority greatly troubled me, and it seemed to cast a sudden blight on my summer's prospects. I was reminded of the saying of the Prophet Joseph Smith: "We have learned, by sad experience, that it is the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion."



But this happened to be one of those circumstances that prove a blessing in disguise, for while cogitating on what I could do, a Brother McKenzie, who occupied a small store where the new U. C. Ry. office now is, being sick, and hearing of the dilemma I was in, sent for me, and offered me the store he was then occupying. Thus I was led to see and acknowledge the kind hand of my Heavenly Father in providing me a far more desirable place than the stall I was so ruthlessly driven from.

While here I was soon visited by a brother, commonly known as "Blind Leonard," whose only means of support consisted in loaning money to brethren at sixty per cent. interest. I was tempted to avail myself of his offer, and bought several lots of merchandise from emigrants who began to arrive on their way to California, and finally purchased the entire stock of Mr. Cogswell, my next door neighbor, whose store was on the identical spot where the Deseret Book now stands, my friend Leonard signing promissory notes of payment with me, for nearly forty thousand dollars.

I thus became a prominent merchant, on borrowed capital, at a ruinous rate of interest, which involved both myself and Brother Leonard in much trouble, for it took me seven years to honestly pay my debts; and, as a burnt child dreads the fire, so I should be sorry to pass through a similar experience; and can strongly recommend my young friends to keep out of debt and pay as they go, rather than float along the current of seeming prosperity, without sail or ballast, and with the mind kept in a state of constant agitation as to the result.

I did not remain a great while in the store alluded to, it being wanted by the owner, Thomas Williams, but moved into another one owned by Enoch Reese, near what is now known as the Woodmansee Building or Wells, Fargo and Co's.

Brother Reese was doing business in a store close by, having purchased a train of goods from the California market. I bought his remnant stock, amounting to several thousand dollars, agreeing to pay him as fast as the goods were sold, and also by honoring his own orders on the store which he gave to his hired men while building.

In those early days all goods brought into this market came by ox or mule teams; and on their arrival in small or large quantities during the summer and fall, there was considerable anxiety to learn what kind of goods each train consisted of, for during the winter season some class of articles would be entirely sold out, and sometimes when staple articles were nearly run out or getting scarce, advantage would be taken of their scarcity, and exorbitant prices asked. For instance, sugar advanced to one dollar per pound, calico seventy-five cents per yard, and nails seventy-five dollars per keg, etc. The ordinary or standing price for these articles for several years was forty cents per pound for sugar, forty cents per yard for calico and forty cents per pound for nails.

(To be Continued.)

## LETTER TO THE YOUNG FOLKS.

SALT LAKE CITY,  
March 14, 1882.

MY DEAR YOUNG CORRESPONDENTS:

ESTHER EDITH DAVIS:—My dear young sister, I received your nice, kind letter, and feel to set all my affairs aside and say a few words to you. You say you have received no answer to your last letter. Well, dear, this shall be an answer for both. Remember always that my young

brothers and sisters are never forgotten by me, either individually or collectively; for I realize that much responsibility depends on the rising generation, not only in our community, but those also of the nation by which we are surrounded, and which they have, in a measure, got to come in contact with. All comprise God's family, one as much as the other. If we, as a people, have received more light than others, it must be our especial duty to hold up that light in such a way that others shall be enabled to see the way and walk in it; talking and boasting of our advantages will by no means accomplish it. Silent forces are always the most powerful, and the most effective when used understandingly, and with the blessing of God upon them. Great talkers are not those who accomplish the most. You say you love to read my letters, and feel they are very instructive; both these remarks comfort me. God bless you, dear girl; may every experience you meet with tend to form and establish a character in you that shall make you a noble woman in Zion! You speak of your father being on a mission, and say you hope to see him home next October; but, though all these feelings are good and pure, yet, dear, do not let your spirit call him home until he has fully completed his mission; for between those who love dearly, there is ever a strong sympathetic feeling, and though thousands of miles may separate, the magnetism will be felt if powerfully thrown out. Therefore, dear, be silent as to your desire for his return; only ask God to bless him, and make him "a burning and shining light" in His service. Improve yourself in every way, that when your father returns he may rejoice in you.

G. H. CROSBY, JR., my dear young brother, I was pleased to receive your letter. The spirit in which you write is good. You tell me you are ten years old, that you attend Sunday school and the primary association, that you read the INSTRUCTOR, and that made you think of writing to me, as you liked my letters so much. I am glad you acted upon that impulse, and did not let it fade and die out, as many do that are much older than you; for all that whispers to us to improve ourselves is from the Spirit of God, and we should at once listen to that "still small voice," and act upon it. Were we always to do this, we should never do wrong. Now remember this and listen to it, and more, obey it. I believe you are a good boy and obey your parents. You say you hold the office of a Deacon. Good! very good! God bless you, dear boy!

RAY VAN COTT, dear boy, I hope you received my letter by post, for I thought you had waited patiently long enough, and sent a few words to you in that way. I am glad you heeded your mother's voice when you said you did not believe that Sister King would want to hear from a little herd-boy. She said "Yes, I know she would, and I want you to write to her," and so you obeyed and I got the pretty letter. Why, don't you know that King David was his father's herd-boy when the Prophet Samuel went to him, and anointed him as king over Israel according to the command of God? God looks on the heart and not on the external appearance, or the occupation we hold. It has always been the Lord's way when He wanted a servant to choose the poor and meek of the earth. Discard that idea from your mind forever, that your occupation or your circumstances shut you off from esteem. Mean indeed must be that person who could weigh and measure character by such a scale. Write to me whenever you desire to do so, for the name of Van Cott is memorable in my eyes.

Your friend,

HANNAH T. KING.

## GOD IN HISTORY.

IN history, God should be acknowledged and proclaimed. The history of the world should be set forth as the annals of the government of the Sovereign King. I have gone down into the lists where the annals of our historians have invited me. There I have witnessed the actions of men and of nations, developing themselves with energy, and contending in violent collision. I have heard a strange din of arms, but I have been nowhere shown the majestic countenance of the presiding Judge.

And yet there is a living principle emanating from God, in every national movement. God is ever present on that vast theatre where successive generations of men meet and struggle.

It is true He is unseen, but if the heedless multitude pass by without caring for Him, because He is "a God that dwelleth in the thick darkness," thoughtful men, who yearn for the very principle of their existence, seek for Him the more ardently, and are not satisfied until they lie prostrate at His feet. And their inquiries meet with a rich reward; for from the height to which they have been compelled to soar to meet their God, the history of the world, instead of presenting to their eyes a confused chaos, as it does to the ignorant crowd, appears as a majestic temple, on which the invisible hand of God Himself is at work, and which rises to His glory above the rock of humanity.

Shall we not recognize the hand of God in those grand manifestations, those great men, those mighty nations, which arise and start, as it were, from the dust of the earth, and communicate a fresh impulse, a new form and destiny to the human race?

Shall we not acknowledge Him in those heroes who spring from society at appointed epochs—who display a strength and activity beyond the ordinary limits of humanity, and around whom, as around a superior and mysterious power, nations and individuals unhesitatingly gather?

Who has launched into the expanse of time those huge comets with their fiery trains, which appear but at intervals, scattering among the superstitious crowd abundance and joy, calamity and terror? Who, if not God?

Alexander sought his origin in the abodes of divinity; and in the most irreligious age there has been no eminent glory that has not endeavored in some way or other to connect itself with heaven.

Do not those revolutions which hurl kings from their thrones, and precipitate whole nations to the dust—do not those widespread ruins which the traveler meets with among the sands of the desert—do not those majestic relics which the field of humanity presents to our view, all declare aloud—*a God in history!*

Gibbon, seated among the ruins of the capitol, and contemplating its august remains, owned the interventions of a superior destiny. He saw it; he felt it. In vain would he avert his eyes; that shadow of a mysterious power started from behind every broken pillar: and he conceived the design of describing its influence in the history of the disorganization, decline and corruption of that Roman dominion which has enslaved the world.

Shall we not discern amidst the great ruins of humanity that Almighty hand which a man of noble genius—one who had never bent the knee to Christ—perceived among the scattered fragments of the monuments of Romulus, the sculptured marbles of Aurelius, the busts of Cicero and Virgil, the statues of Cesar and Augustus, Pompey's horses

and the trophies of Trajan? And shall we not confess it to be the hand of God?—*History of the Reformation.*

## DIALOGUE.

BY H. M. W.

GEORGE—Good morning James!

JAMES—Good morning George! This is a lovely morning!

G.—It is, indeed; splendid! Where are you going so early?

J.—I am going up City Creek Canyon; I hear there are some very fine ferns up there, and I am going to see if I can find some.

G.—But, James, have you forgotten that it is Sunday?

J.—O dear, no, Mr. Sober Sides! I could not very well forget, for I have to be at work every other day. I see you haven't forgotten it either, for you are off somewhere, pretty early too. May I ask where you are going?

G.—Certainly you may: I am going to Sunday school.

J.—But you are much too early for Sunday school. It is not nine o'clock yet.

G.—I know it is early, but I am a Deacon, and it is my turn to-day to dust and put the benches in order, and to distribute the books among the different classes. I am none too early I assure you, I always like to have everything ready in good time, so that when the superintendent or the teachers come, all is in order. My father always says, "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well;" I also think the office of a Deacon is a very important one, although we sometimes look upon it as very trifling.

J.—What have you under your arm? Is that your lunch?

G.—No; that is the bread for the Sacrament table, you know the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered in the Sunday schools, and it is the duty of the Deacon to provide the bread. When it is my turn to act as Deacon I always try to remember it, but sometimes it is forgotten, and I feel very sorry, for it displeases our superintendent and disappoints the children.

J.—Why, what does it matter? It is always administered in the Tabernacle.

G.—Yes, that is so; but some of the children are too small to go to the Tabernacle, and many of the older ones have to stay at home while their parents go to meeting. I think it was a very wise suggestion on the part of the First Presidency, to have the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered in the Sunday schools.

J.—Why, what good do you think it does?

G.—I think it does a great deal of good; the children are impressed with its solemnity, and are taught to revere it as one of the most sacred ordinances of the Church; it is also fulfilling the commandment of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

J.—Well, I should think they would be making an Elder of you soon, you can preach a pretty good sermon now.

G.—And I hope if they should see fit to make me an Elder, that I may honor that calling as my father by his example has taught me to do, the Lord being my helper!

J.—Well, George, if we stand here. I shall get no ferns, and your benches will get no dusting; and, what will be worse than all, my father will be coming along and I shall get another lecture; and I think one a day enough.

G.—Don't your father know you are going?

J.—Not he! why, he'd make as much fuss about me going to get a few ferns to-day as if I was going to steal something. Good day, George.

G.—Excuse me one moment, James; won't you give up the ferns to-day, and come and help me get the school house ready? Now do; and as one good turn deserves another, I will go with you to-morrow either in the morning or evening; you'll soon get all the ferns you need, and will have a conscience void of offense towards God and man; for you know, James, that God commands us to keep holy the Sabbath day, and the first great commandment with promise is, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land." Come, James, forgive my "preach," as you call it, and let us continue to be the good friends we always have been.

J.—Forgive you, George! of course I will! And I would come with you, if I was not so thoroughly ashamed of myself that—

G.—Never be ashamed of doing right, James; the only thing we should be ashamed of is doing wrong. Come along we'll hurry up, and have all things ready now in good time.

## A TEMPTATION.

BY W. W. CLUFF.

IN 1856, there were about twenty-four Elders, from Utah, on missions in the Sandwich Islands. With the exercise of severe economy, the abilities of the Saints and their own faith were often taxed for the necessary means to accomplish their labors.

Four of the Elders—Joseph F. Smith, F. M. Young, George Spiers and myself—at the time the following events took place, were laboring on the island of Hawaii. The time for our next general conference was approaching. It was to take place on the small island of Lanai.

To reach there, it was necessary to raise five dollars each to pay our passage by sea. We had about one hundred and fifty miles to travel on foot, on the island of Hawaii, to reach the little Hamlet of Upolu, on the northern coast, where we were to embark for Lahaina, on the island of Maui, from which we completed our journey of sixteen miles in an open boat.

It was expected that the Elders laboring in the ministry, and especially those from Utah, would attend these conferences. These reunions were sources of great pleasure and profit. After them we always resumed our labors among the people with an increase of faith, and a renewal of our spiritual strength.

It was at this time a matter of serious consideration how to raise the necessary funds to attend this conference.

Our route across the island of Hawaii, would take us through a number of small branches of the Saints, where our necessities with regard to food would be supplied; but they were poor, and for this reason our chances for raising funds for our sea voyage among them were very meagre. We preached to the people, and made known our necessities.

These poor Saints would show their desire to assist us by donating some article that would bring a little money, when we could find a market for it. Most generally the donation consisted of a goat skin, worth about twelve cents and half. These we packed up and carried with us on our backs, until we could dispose of them.

Part way on our journey, was the house of one of the brethren, where we sometimes rested in our travels. This house was about three miles from the foot trail we were traveling, and on a wagon road which led from the interior of the island to a landing place on the sea-shore, where the natives marketed their produce.

At this house, some of us had previously left some books and light articles, which we were desirous of taking with us. I was selected by the brethren to go across the country to the wagon road, get our things and return to the trail.

After arriving on the road I found a man's coat, which had evidently been lost by some one in going to or from the landing. In it I found a pocket-book, and, what surprised me, just the amount of money necessary to pay our expenses to the place where the conference was to be held.

The first thought was, that it was a God-send—a kindly providence—to assist us in our emergency. I looked around to see if any person could have seen me pick up the coat. I thought of turning back and not going to the house after the books, which was still farther on the road towards the landing.

Under these impulses, I started across the country, to overtake the brethren. On the way, there were plenty of rocks under which I could bury the coat without any chance of its ever being found. I had not gone far, when the query came into my mind: "Perhaps this money, instead of being a God-send, has been thrown in your way for a temptation."

For a time, I was operated on by these two influences. Under one influence I would start to go to the brethren; then the other would come over me, and I would return. I finally decided that the Lord would not assist us, as His servants, by taking advantage of the misfortunes of another.

This impression was effectual in deciding my course. I returned to the road, and went on to the house where we had left our things. I found the name of the owner of the coat on some papers in the pocket book. I found the mistress of the house at home, and related the circumstance to her.

She informed me that the man who owned the coat lived about fifty miles from there, that he was below at the landing, and would probably pass there that day on his way back. I counted the money to the woman, wrote a note to the owner, took the things for which I went, and, without any more hesitation, traveled on to overtake the brethren.

At first, I told them that I had found the money that would take us to our destination. Their first impression was the same as mine had been; but, when I related to them the circumstances, they all decided that what I had done was right.

We continued on our way, rejoicing, and with much faith that the Lord would bless our efforts to get to Lanai. When we arrived at the landing place, on the sea shore, we learned that it would be a week before the vessel in which we expected to sail would arrive.

Living about twenty-five miles from the landing, was a man who had often befriended the Elders, and who was also possessed of considerable means. We concluded that while waiting for the vessel we would make him a visit. We did so, and were kindly received.

In the course of our conversation with him, we stated the object we were endeavoring to accomplish, and our lack of funds. He gave us ten dollars, one half the amount we needed. This made us feel very thankful to the Lord, and increased our faith that we should raise the balance of the money needed.

We succeeded in finding sale for the goat skins, etc., donated by the Saints, and accomplished our object in meeting with our brethren from Utah, and the Saints generally in conference.

This meeting, and the consciousness that we were laboring diligently to fill the mission that had been assigned us, repaid us many fold for all our anxieties and privations.

## SEE, THE MIGHTY ANGEL FLYING!

WORDS BY R. B. THOMPSON.

MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS.

See, the mighty an - gel fly - ing See, he speeds his way to earth, To proclaim the blessed  
gospel, And restore the ancient faith. Hear, O men, the pro - cla - mation! Cease from van - i - ty and  
strife; Hasten to re - ceive the gos - pel, And o - bey the words of life.

Soon the earth will hear the warning;  
Then the judgments will descend:  
Oh! before those days of sorrow,  
Make the Lord of hosts your friend.

Then, when dangers are around you,  
And the wicked are distressed;  
You, with all the Saints in Zion,  
Shall enjoy eternal rest.

## ENIGMAS.

BY R. J. E.

I'm a word of five letters, as you will soon see,  
If you give your attention and listen to me;  
If the letters you change as I shall indite,  
You'll prove in the end my enigma is right.  
My one, two and three spell part of the name  
Of a man in old London, whose deeds brought him fame;  
My five, two and three the people all wear,  
Some made of black silk, cloth, velvet or hair;  
My four, two and three is an animal tame,  
Whose thieving propensities earn a bad name;  
Of my four, five, two, three many people are fond,  
And the wee, short hours they oft go beyond;  
My four, two, three, four, five is a verb, you'll allow,  
Which the Benjamites used when they wanted a "trou;"  
My whole for its service has sailed the world round,  
And in no other shape but a circle is found.

Those sons of toil who till the soil,  
My first's good uses know—  
It makes the field its produce yield,  
And causes flowers to grow.

In times long past, when war had cast  
Its terrors o'er the land,  
Each soldier bold would bended hold  
My second in his hand.

Up in the sky my whole your eye  
Has no doubt often seen:  
A sure token of pledge unbroken  
It is I rightly ween.

A MAN is circumscribed in all his ways by God's providence just as he is in a ship; for though the man may walk freely upon the decks, he must go whither the ship bears him.

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is Published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR,

GEORGE C. LAMBERT, - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

## TERMS IN ADVANCE:

Single Copy, per Annum - - - \$2.00.

Office, South Temple Street, one-and-a-half blocks west of  
the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.